

THE MAYFLOWER

AS SHE MUST HAVE APPEARED ON HER PASSAGE TO THIS COUNTRY, WITH A PORTION OF THE HEIRLOOMS WHICH ARE "REALLY AUTHENTIC, YOU KNOW."



VOL. II. OCTOBER 11TH, 1883. NO. 41.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

IN union there is strength, and it is sweet and comforting to observe the perfect harmony which now exists among the local leaders of Democracy. It augurs well for 1884.

WE congratulate our reverend brothers in trade upon their recognition of the long-established fact that advertising and sensational acting are necessary elements of every well-conducted amusement. We shall now have flaming posters and dodgers for the church as well as for the theatre, and the *Police News* and *Day's Doings* will sink to insignificance beside the realistic services which will be conducted in our temples of worship, and thus another field of labor shall have been wrested from the devil.

THAT the spirit of '76 was no better than the spirits of '84, was nobly demonstrated by the Ancient and Honorables during their recent campaign in this city. The hardships and suffering of Colonial days certainly never called forth more endurance, nor did the enthusiasm of Bunker Hill rise to more sublime heights than the enthusiasm on Broadway. In those days the militia forces had but one head. Last week there were as many heads as there were Ancient and Honorables. This shows at a glance how much progress has been made. Then it was considered a great feat to march from Concord to Boston. Last week a march from Boston to New York excited no comment. The stoutest heart sank at every encounter in those much-vaunted days. Last week each encounter provoked but a smile—sometimes two smiles—occasionally a dozen. And there were lots of encounters.

“I SEE that Mr. Steele Mackaye is credited with the invention of the chair which telescopes into a 9x12 space. I am not in the chair business, but I have money to put up on the statement that I have telescoped more chairs than any man in the country.”—D. Davis.

WE are pleased to observe that closely following the nautical triumph of that young but vigorous skipper, Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, over Mr. JAY GOULD in the recent race be-

tween the yachts *Atalanta* and *Yosemite*, comes the cheering news that Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER won the Harlem Yacht Club race on Thursday. If the promised mill between the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING and Gov. SPRAGUE comes off at the Madison Square Garden; if Mr. DAVIS keeps his contract as ballet master with the KIRALFYS, and Mr. TALMAGE does not disappoint Mr. BIRCH by failing to appear on the other end during Christmas week, sporting and dramatic matters will be elevated once more to their proper place in public esteem, from which of late they have fallen.

THE following card explains itself:

SANDUSKY, Oct. 4th.
To W. W. Armstrong, Esq., Plaindealer, Cleveland, Ohio:
I observe that the calumny has been revived, which I supposed was long since exploded, that I belonged to the Know-Nothings in 1854. It has no truth or semblance of truth. It probably arose from the political erudition I have recently shown in my speeches “that I am a Know-Nothing.”—GEORGE HOADLY.

“THE statement that the Long Island Railroad is subsidized by the Brooklyn coroner and the Undertakers' Union, is false and malicious. Although both have made fortunes since I obtained control, not one cent has either paid into the treasury of this company.”—Corbin.

THE cathartic oratory of our highly esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. M. H. HENRY, has done more to cool the bad blood existing between the liberals and conservatives of our medicopolitical arena, than the wildest and most generous phlebotomist could hope for. It is not yet decided whether homœopaths, allopaths, regulars, irregulars, hydropaths, electropaths and the other paths along which modern medicine runs, will meet lovingly on Oct. 18th, and thenceforward be merged into one broad sanitary highway, or whether they will diverge yet more widely, to meet only in the valley of the shadow; but it is certain, whatever the issue, that the counter-irritation produced by our fellow-citizen's disruptive effort will put all minor *ecchymoses* in the shade.

MR. FREDERICK L. TINSLAR, engineer of the late lamented steamer *Robinson*, admits that he screwed down the pop safety valve before the explosion took place, and thinks that this may possibly have had something to do with the boiler's subsequent behavior. Mr. Tinslar is evidently a man of limited experience. He is provincial. He should come to this city and see how steamers run, not only with their pop valves screwed down, but with a boiler leaking at every patch, and a deck load of 5,000 merry passengers. They never explode because of the engineer's actions. When they go off, no one knows, or ever can find out, the reason.



FAME.

Scene, London—Time XIX. Century.

American Tourist: I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; BUT CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE HOUSE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH?

Commercial Man: GOLDSMITH—WHAT MIGHT HIS BUSINESS BE, MUM?

A. T.: I REFER TO GOLDSMITH THE AUTHOR.

C. M.: O—EH—, I DON'T THINK HE HAS AN OFFICE IN THIS SQUARE, MUM.

A —'S RHYME.

I KNEW a man and knew his wife;
Great learning had they from the schools;
Yet candor forces me to say
They were a pair of —.

They had a son who early drank
From hard Experience's pool,
Who knew much more than older folks,
And also was a —.

These parents bought this boy a gun,
With little bullets, hard and cool.
Upon the gun was sweetly carved,
"To our beloved —."

One grave old foggy shook his head
And thereby gained much ridicule,—
The boy went hunting with a friend,
Another precious —.

Two walked away, and one ran back.
Says he: "That gun was very cru'l."
The startled neighbors shrieked and cried,
"Where is the other —?"

Last night I viewed a marble slab,
All graven with a practiced tool,
And read thereon these stony words:
"Here lies a lifeless —!"

CAMPBELL PALMER.

"*New York*, Sept. 6, 1883. G. P. Westcott, cashier of the Coney Island Club pool rooms at West Brighton, has decamped with \$4,000 belonging to his employer. He was arrested, but while on his way to jail overpowered the officer and escaped."—*Boston Herald*.

The weakness of a West Brighton policeman, when his antagonist hits him with a thousand-dollar bill, is remarkable.

APHORISMS.

BY "WOODCHUCK" PETE.

SOME cullid folks would radder go to a horse-trot on Sunday dan to Quarterly Meetin'.

De man doan' lib dat kin mix religion an' bizness. Ef hit's a man's bizness to split kin'lin' wood and fill his ice-house on Sunday, dar you ar'! Religion am religion, an' bizness am bizness.

De mo' I reads de less I feels my ignorunce, and de mo' I feels my ignorunce de less I reads. Dey aint nuffin' like it to make a man proud.

Ef de bell-punch was manipelated in some chu'ches whar' de ungodly deacons pass de sasser, de parstor might hev br'iled chicken for his Sunday dinner instead ob rice.

De fines' po'try dat was eber writ ain't in de hymn-book or Lord Bayrum's pomes. Dar is mo' true po'try in a bill ob fair an' a good meal ob vittles dan you kin find on all de grabe-stones in a fust class seminary.

Piety am a sof' cushion dat res' de bones ob de aged wen de squint am gone out de eye an' de chillblains hu't so dat wen yo' har de fiddle yo' can't sarve de debbil no longer.

De great loss of tishu am 'casioned by friction. Wuk am friction. So gib de body a chance to res'. Doan knock aroun' mo' n yo' kin he'p. Ef de fishin' am good, lay off. Nuffin' am healthier dan settin' in de sun. But nuffin' 'll wear de taps off yo' boots an' gib yo' r'umatiz in de j'intz like follerin' a plow an' shuckin' corn. Limber up de j'intz an' gib de body a chance to res'.

THERE was a young girl named Maria
Who tried to sing high C still higher,
But the confounded note stuck crosswise in her throat
And they bounced her right out of the choir.

CONCERNING HOMELY MEN.

THE efflorescence of female beauty in the Langtry type has had no counterpart in ideals of manly beauty in behoof of the maligned male sex. It is true that Mr. Oscar Wilde was hailed with an æsthetic hubbub as a type of manly grace. Yet, even with the boastful attributes of long hair and matchless legs, he failed to establish his rank and prestige as one of the gods of the earth. Others have failed too, whose names it would be idle to recall; and the abstract idea of male beauty is as vague and delusive as the free-thinker's notion of cosmos and the spirit of eternal truth.

And yet handsome men are seen in the park and at the clubs who are recognized as "lady-killers." Are they prigs and triflers? Ugly men console themselves with this reflection though they may be equally priggish and conceited. As tastes differ it is by no means rare for an uncouth, ill-looking fellow with the vices of a Lovelace and the manners of a cow-boy, to "cut out" a fair, sleek-limbed Apollo who dresses in exquisite taste, dances the german, makes costly presents, and writes verses in autograph albums. It is a hackneyed saying that none but the brave deserve the fair. Women admire men of brains and muscle, and marry squint eyes and bandy legs when the former qualities appeal to their imagination and taste. Handsome men do not always carry off the fairest prizes. They are successful, however, in a flirtation with a madcap girl

when a homely man would not dare touch the hem of her garment.

Sensible women profess to be wholly indifferent to the matter of a man's personal pretensions. "Would you marry such a one?" asks a confidential friend. "Marry that monkey-on-a-stick? Never. Under no circumstances. I'd see myself marrying *him*. When I marry (but I expect to live and die an old maid) it will be a *man*, and not a tailor's dummy." Such words are truly comforting to her ugly suitors. Instead of talking in corners and turning green with melancholy they trip forward and extend her courtesies which she is bound to reciprocate.

A woman of tact is expected to make advances to homely men. The dude can set his traps and plan his own campaign. But the grave has closed over many a weary, heart-broken bachelor whose sole obstacle to matrimony proved to be a pair of crooked legs or a broken nose. None but Shakers rejoice that so many men of quality have failed to make themselves fascinating to women. They do fail, it is true, and some of them ignominiously. The D'Orsays, Beau Nashes, and Brummels are rare, and their rarity increases. Every man would fascinate a woman if he could unless he has a constitutional aversion to the sex, and a corresponding love for the bottle. Still it does not seem improbable that every bachelor, whether he is fine-looking or as ugly as a Hindoo idol, has some quality which would enhance his matrimonial chances were he to overcome his shyness and timidity, or fall in with a plump widow. Sydney Smith thought that no female heart can withstand a red-coat. Simon Tappertit fascinated the sylph-like Miss Miggs with his slim legs. The love-locks adorning the marmoreal brow of ex-Senator Conkling excite warm sympathies for the fallen statesman whenever he shakes his hyperion curls. It has caused a great many hearts to flutter. So it goes. And there is another point worth emphasizing. Homely men are, generally speaking, good men; not goody good, but good enough. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is plain looking and so is Governor Butler, but each has his lady admirers. The heart of fair woman is not to be caught with winnowed chaff. It is not to be stormed with grape and cannister. Soft glances, fine clothes and amorous ditties cannot quicken its pulsations if a woman has no sympathy with the fascinator who resorts to these makeshifts to excite her feelings.

It is also believed that homely men make the best husbands. In many homely men will be found

"The courteous, yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind."

A great and gentle mind is a priceless possession. It is a matter of little consequence whether he who has a great and gentle mind has a hump on his back or takes his teeth out at night before lying down to peaceful dreams, and drops them in a tumbler. But some girls prefer handsome men and perhaps they are right, for Keats says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

H. V. S.



No 1. While duck-hunting Pilkins discovers a bear.



No 2. He pours all his shot into the gun to make sure work.



No 3. And goes ashore in order to take steadier aim.



No 4. But being somewhat nervous shoots wide of the mark.



No 5. The bear however comes down.



No 6. "Goodby: Mr Pilkins!"

A SOFT ANSWER.

'T WAS past twelve at midnight when he rolled home and prepared to concoct some story for the lateness of his return. She, however, was awake, and with sharp-scented nose detected an odor of gin.

"What smell is that, my dear?" she remarked.

"Cloves," my love."

"But the other odor, sir?"

"Allspice, my sweet."

"But I smell something else."

"Oh, that's cinnamon."

"But I am certain I smell something that is n't spice at all."

"Oh, that's an apple I ate before I came in."

"Well, I should think," she replied, "that if you'd just taken a good drink of brandy before you came in and eaten a ham sandwich you would have had all the ingredients necessary for a good mince pie."

He sighed as he dropped to sleep, and murmured that he'd have done so if he had n't been afraid of bad dreams.

STORY OF THE M. S. P. C. A. AND THE TIGER.

A MEMBER of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was one day walking in an African forest, when he encountered a tiger coming rapidly towards him. The M. S. P. C. A., belonging to one of the most aristocratic families of old New York, sought to repel the familiar advances of the stranger by the hauteur of his bearing. Now when an inhabitant of the African forest desires to display a great deal of hauteur, he proceeds to climb the most convenient elevation he can find, and this usually turns out to be a tree. The faster he climbs, and the taller the tree is, the more freezing is his behavior to be regarded. Our M. S. P. C. A. accordingly danced

lightly up a cactaceous tree, and pretended when the tiger came along that he had risen to that height in order to pick a curious-looking leaf which rested among the topmost branches.

He believed that the tiger seeing him thus engaged would pass on without disturbing him.

The tiger, however, proved to be a poor, country-bred tiger, quite unacquainted with the forms of good society; so notwithstanding the manifest preoccupation of the M. S. P. C. A., the discourteous beast sought to enlist him in conversation.

"Tell me, sir," said the tiger, "why you thus avoid me."

At these words the M. S. P. C. A. left off picking the leaf, and looked down with an air of surprise.

"My worthy friend," said he, "I am so short-sighted that I failed to see you coming, but observing a curious-looking leaf at the top of this tree, I climbed hither to gather it." By these words the M. S. P. C. A. betrayed his agitation, for he lied so abominably that the tiger must have conceived a boundless contempt for the educational facilities of New York City.

The tiger, however, suppressing an inclination to sneer, addressed the M. S. P. C. A. in his most seductive manner. "If you failed to see me then," purred the tiger, "now that you do see me, pray come down, and let us engage here below in sweet social converse."

"Ah, no," sighed the M. S. P. C. A., "that may not be, for it will probably take me about eleven hours to pick this curious leaf, and heaven forbid that I should detain you so long." But the tiger very obligingly volunteered to wait.

When the eleven hours had passed by, and the M. S. P. C. A., in spite of his earnest activity, had failed to finish picking the leaf, the tiger mildly expostulated with him, representing that darkness was rapidly coming on, and speaking with touching pathos of the domestic anxiety which his long absence from home must have occasioned. Still for four days the M. S. P. C. A. continued his indefatigable exertions in picking the leaf without completing the task. During all this time the tiger waited with unexampled patience, so eager was he to enjoy the sweets of social converse.

The sixth day was drawing to its close before the M. S. P. C. A. ventured to admit that the tiger's room would be preferable to his company. Thereupon the tiger became quite naturally exasperated, but refused to depart. Finally the M. S. P. C. A. frankly declared that as a Member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals he could not conscientiously detain the tiger any longer.

The tiger, on his part, declared that if the gentleman up the tree was really what he said, he could not conscientiously refuse to come down, and relieve the suffering of one who had eaten nothing but a seidlitz powder in fourteen days. The novelty of this suggestion surprised the M. S. P. C. A., and led him to question the soundness of his principles. But he is still up the tree.

MORAL: Tigers should not monkey with Mr. Berg.

HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ.

"The test of affection 's a tear."—BYRON.

A TEAR-DROP hung like a pearl
On the fringe of her drooping lid,
And I kissed her, my own sweet girl,
While her fan her deep blushes hid.

"Why so sorrowful, dear? If you knew
How I love you!"—I gasp with a sigh.
"O, you goose, I'm not weeping for you,"
Quoth the maid; "I have sand in my eye!"

H. V. S.





BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

YOU PUNCH HIM TWICE IF YOU PUNCH HIM QUICKLY.

Au contraire—a mule.

Auctor pretiosa facit—the author makes precious little.

Un coup de soleil—"The Republican party must go!"

Un coup de plume—a hen-coop.

Fama clamosa—hungry for clams.

Favete linguis—give your mouth a rest.

Dum vivimus, vivamus—while we live, let us take "Life."

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THE PICKALILY CLUB.

WHEN the Pickalily Club was started, in the neighborhood of Harlem, a delegation waited on Mr. Teddy Mulvany at his new saloon, and explained to him that their purpose was to secure a room in his hostelry for the meetings of the association.

"An' phwat's the objects av the Club?" inquired Teddy.

"Partly social, and partly political. We have chosen you as President, and if you have a room to suit us, you shall be Treasurer, so that you can have a sure thing."

"Sure an' that's only roight an' fair," responded Teddy.

"And if you should want to run for the Assembly, Mr. Mulvany, you would find us a power in the ward."

"Bedad, sor, if the Assembly should call me to 't, it's safe to bet that I'd be there at the openin'."

He showed the delegation a front room up stairs, which was furnished with a carpet and chairs and a table, and was kindly assured that the furniture would be good enough for a beginning.

At the first meeting of the Pickalily Club Mr. Mulvany presided, and was duly elected Treasurer, and a resolution was adopted, requesting him to furnish the club with a portrait of himself, such as they could have engraved for use on posters and banners and the like.

Mr. Mulvany was proud, and he furnished the portrait and paid a good price for it.

After a few subsequent meetings he began to reflect. As Treasurer of the Club his position was a sinecure, and he had not received a cent for rent of his room, and some little bills had been run up at the bar, by friendly members of the club.

He invaded another meeting of the Pickalily Club, and the light of battle was in his nose, and his oratory burst forth thus:

"I want to know phwat good yez are, anyhow. Long as this

shindig's been goin' on, the rint hez been goin' on, an' not a dollar have I got out av yez fur dhrinks or cigars, barrin' the kegs av beer yez paid fur at facthory prices, which laves Mulvany out o' pocket. This, now, is my ultimiferfanatem, d' ye moind? It's foive dollars a noight fur the room, d' ye moind, yez, and buy the beer by the glass, d' ye moind, or yez do n't git in here no more, begorra, that's flat!"

"If you go back on us," remarked the usual spokesman, "we will go against you in politics."

"Sure an' that's the best thing cud happen to me, begorra. Phat's a Pickalily Club, anyhow? Did anny wan av yiz iver pick a lily? It's niver a wan yez'll pick off o' Teddy Mulvany, an' if yez do n't kem down wid the dust, Oi'll kem down wid a Tipperary blackthorn."

Nobody came down with the dust, and on the next meeting night of the Pickalily Club the room was vacant.

Mr. Mulvany caused a sign to be painted and put in a conspicuous place, and this is the legend it bore:

The Pickasilly Club Don't Meet Here No More."

BACCHERINI'S MINUET.

THE summer garden fades away,
And dreamily I close my eyes,
While softly as the fountains play,
Beneath the star-bewildered skies
Of Italy, I hear the flow
Of rhythmic music sweet and low.

From dim Verona's gardens old
There comes the breath of deep perfume,
And cavaliers in lace and gold
Move lightly thro' the gilded room,
And to the stately measures beat
The dainty touch of satined feet.

Behind the mask with Romeo
I watch a form in robes of white,
And see the soft and slumb'rous glow
Of eyes divinely, darkly bright.
(Hush! In the house of Capulet
Breathe not the name of Juliet!)

* * * * *

The vision fades into the gloom,
And lo! instead I faintly trace,
Far off in a Parisian room,
A calmly beautiful dead face—
And over Juliet, lying there,
The music sobs into a prayer.

No more the balcony will know
Her whispered passion and the pain;
And in the orange groves below
Will Romeo wait, alas! in vain.
Ah, list! and hear the music sigh,
How sad it is that love must die!

* * * * *

The storm of plaudits, wave on wave,
Brings back my wand'ring soul to me,
With one last glimpse, a grassy grave
Beyond the sullen English sea,
Where Juliet dreams of Montague,
Beneath the roses and the dew!

E. J. MCPHELM.

• LIFE •





TIMMANY, TAMMANY, HARMONY, HO,
ONE, TWO, THREE, AND OUT YOU GO.



OH, J. Sullivan! Oh, J. L. Sullivan!
 Oh, John Lycurgus Sullivan, all hail!!
 Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou god! Thou you!
 Thou Zeus with all-compelling hand!
 Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou Heaven-born!
 Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the Acropolis! Thou son of a gambolier!
 59 inches art thou round thy ribs; twice twain knuckles hast thou; and again twice twain.
 Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.
 Thou straightenest thine arm, and systems rock, and eye-balls change their hue.
 Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou soul-remover! Thou lightsome, coy excoriator!
 Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll John!
 Thou buster!
 Oh, you! Oh, me too! Oh, me some more!
 Oh, thunder!!!

WHALT WITMAN. (*per J. P. L.*)

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. V.

Touchstone. "Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd."—*As You Like It*, III., 2.

OUR respected subscriber, "KILL VON KULL," is angry. He declares that instead of replying "boldly and directly" to his letters upon American Aristocracy, LIFE has brazenly and in altogether a shameless manner resorted to base "subterfuge and sophistry," and has, in other sinful ways, dodged the issue. Laying aside all questions of "blood"—which he declares can "only be argued by orthodox believers,"—and utterly quitting the subject of evolution—to which he clung so tenaciously a fortnight ago,—he comes directly to war, saying that out of society man is "brutal and unrefined;" hoists the black flag statement that "Society supports, encourages and gives impetus to literature and the arts;" and concludes by fiercely demanding to know "where would Music and the Drama be," were it not for "the millions devoted annually to their cause by Society."

LIFE surrenders. It confesses to deep and measureless wrong. Out of society, man is "brutal and unrefined." Undoubtedly. So, too, for that matter, is woman. In society—how different!

Mrs. ELIZABETH KORCA-WALLOON, for example, is "in"

society. Her pedigree, which extends back to her birth, is unexceptionable, her wealth is boundless, and her social position as eminent and fixed as the Polar Star. Before she married she was a KORCA. There were pleasant rumors once afloat that in those happy days she was an expert on that detergent instrument familiarly known as the "Irish Piano," but the fact that PETER WALLOON engaged himself to her on the very steamer which was conveying home the body of his first wife is sufficient evidence to the contrary, and we are glad to state that as he was only sixty-four years of age at the time—while his bride was fully twenty-five—the marriage could not have been in the least degree mercenary. Now it was very unfortunate that Mr. WALLOON's early and lamented demise left his grief-stricken widow a prey to misgivings on the subject of her *entrée* into that FIRST CIRCLE



to which she aspired. Most fortunate too was it that at this most desolate juncture both Mrs. STILTON and Mrs. DUNDER-TEUFEL SYMMONS, benevolent *avant-couriers* of the FIRST CIRCLE, but not exactly FIRST CIRCLERS, came to the rescue and undertook to pilot her in. Of course, this was disinterested work, for beyond a few hundred drives in the Park, a couple of dozen luncheons and a score of opera parties, neither of these ladies received any material benefit from the acquaintance, other than the continued pleasure of Mrs. KORCA-WALLOON's society, which those alone who know her can appreciate. Well, to make a long story short, by skillful soundings and dead reckoning, or in other words, by judicious cultivation of firmly established FIRST CIRCLERS—not too forward a cultivation, but just a gentle and clinging one, you know—Mrs. KORCA-WALLOON was safely towed at last to placid harborage and anchored, celebrating the event by an elaborate and bewildering series of *fêtes*, which must have caused the ghost of her late frugal and uxorious spouse unspeakable delight.

Certainly this was all just as it should have been. But several

TWO SUMMER IDYLS.

AN humble boy, with a
Shining pail,
Went gladly singing
Adown the dale,
To where the cow with
The brindle tail
On clover her palate did
Regale.

An humble bee did
Gaily sail
Far over the soft and
Shadowy vale,
To where the boy, with
The shining pail,
Was milking the cow
With the brindle tail.

The bee lit down on the
Cow's left ear;
Her heels flew up through
The atmosphere—
And, through the leaves of
A chestnut tree,
The boy soared into
Eternity.



ATMOSPHERIC.

Old Gentleman (to his grandson from Philadelphia): JOHNNY, I'M AFRAID YOU ARE NOT HAVING A VERY LIVELY VISIT HERE. WHY DO N'T YOU GO OUT AND PLAY WITH THE OTHER BOYS?

Johnny: MAMMA THINKS IT BETTER I SHOULD N'T; SHE DOES N'T WISH ME TO MAKE ANY UNDESIRABLE ACQUAINTANCES.

envious persons had heard of the prenuptial accomplishment already referred to, and were alert to discover in Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON any symptom of unaristocratic congeniality with the LOWER CLASSES. Be it said to the credit of her refinement that she disappointed them and cheered her haughtiest new friends at one and the same time, by immediately drawing the line of acquaintance so closely as to even exclude her two successful but now frenzied pilots, who after being twice omitted from an opera party, and once snubbed at Mrs. OPHIR's small and early, scurried off in consternation to find some fresh behemoth on which to get in some fine work; much as our other little local tugs, after panting and straining their way through the Narrows with the *Servia*, should she be crippled, would gambol off to look for the *City of Rome*.

This same delicate consideration for others—that essence of true refinement only found in FIRST CIRCLES—cropped out once like an exquisite bud at a notable dinner.

"Why," said Mr. MCABIE, the polished, unto Mrs. VERBRUSQUE, the urbane, at that enjoyable occasion,—“why have you placed me under so many obligations by embellishing my neighborhood by such an ornamental row of shops?”

The great lady replied (observe the neatness of the repartee—so irrelevant, so evasive, and yet, so to speak, so fetching):

“Are they not large enough for snuff boxes?”

This, of course, in the FIRST CIRCLE. If the question had been put by a tobacconist to a tavern-keeper's wife, she would probably have been excessively rude and personal in her reply, but in this case, as we see, the unerring instinct of refinement had play, and the two were made friends for life.

But perhaps the greatest proof that refinement, as well as intelligence, is the guiding spirit of the FIRST CIRCLE, is found in the fact that among its members mere vulgar wealth, heaped up by greasy hands, has no influence. At no FIRST CIRCLES can the slow, unmoving finger be pointed with the remark that his or her sole recommendation is money. Indeed, wealth is often held in such abhorrence that the unfortunate young possessor of it will not be welcomed to a young girl's home oftener than seven times or so a week, while the youth of talent and ambition and moderate income is free to drop in as often as the well-instructed servant who attends the door will allow. Mothers who are attached to the FIRST CIRCLE are always proudest and happiest when their dutiful sons fall in love with a penniless girl, and



BACK FROM NEWPORT.

Bridget (unpacking a statuette of the Venus of Milo):
 HOWLY VIRGIN! BUT IT'S BOTH ARRUMS I'VE BROKE
 ARUFF THE CRAYTHUR, AND DIVIL A THRACE AV THIM
 ANYWHERE!

many a man has been shocked to see how frigidly he is received after the announcement of his engagement to an heiress.

Morals too, are such a requisite. Take the case of MR. ULRIC TADDOPHL. Young, gifted and essentially refined, his inherited wealth is his only drawback. But for his brace of millions he might have been the idol of all careful and conscientious FIRST CIRCLE mamas. For two years he struggled manfully against the prejudice which runs in favor of poor men. At last a happy thought struck him. He bought a horse, went upon the turf, and jockeyed as if for a living. SOCIETY applauded the act, but was still lukewarm. Then he made his *coup d'état*, and sacrificed himself to ART, in the interest of the Drama—or at least something pertaining to the Drama—became famous, and now may claim, justly, the dainty arm and rosy, willing ear of even the shyest of girls, and is the bachelor success of the season.

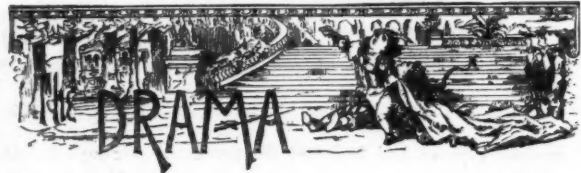
When a discussion of the merits of an engagement arises among FIRST CIRCLES, the moral and intellectual qualities of the prospective groom are alone the theme. His money is never alluded to, and therefore it can readily be seen of how little importance it is. We never hear of domestic unhappiness—of profligate husbands and giddy wives, or wranglings and separations and wrecked lives—as the results of marriage in the FIRST CIRCLE. Too careful an investigation is made into the habits of the man, and the woman's nature is too sedulously disciplined. No *eclaircissement* has ever been known to occur on Murray Hill, no scandal has ever arisen at Newport, nor have private skeletons ever undergone resurrection in FIRST CIRCLE closets anywhere. Immorality goes hand in hand with vulgarity, and is therefore only to be found among the LOWER CLASSES.

But to a pleasanter subject. It cannot be denied that Art, Literature and Science owe not only their support, but their very origin, to FIRST CIRCLE SOCIETY. What novels are there extant like those by the Lady BLANCHE, who was Miss GNUTMEGG? What more aristocratic plays could be written, than those of Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS, for cannot their pedigree be clearly traced three hundred years? They have brought her by sheer force of their ancestral merit to the proud position of Pilot-in-Chief to a FIRST CIRCLE which the grovelling SARDOU, whose effusions date no further back than to his own brain, is so far from being able to enter that he never allows himself to think of it. Have RISTORI, MORRIS and BERNHARDT, in their best days, ever acted like that born histrionic genius, Mrs. PUMPERNICKEL? Certainly not. Does TENNYSON by his slow LOWER-CLASS plodding, ever produce such verses as Mr. CYGNET DESBRO or Miss LITHIA VAN DAZZLE can dash off in a moment on an emergency or an album arising? By no means. Did MOORE ever compose, or MENDELSSOHN set to music, such a refined and delicate swan song as—

Pretty lips, sweeter than cherry or plum,
 Always look smiling and never look glum,
 Seem to say
 Come away,
 Kissy, come! come!
 N'yum, n'yum, n'yum,
 N'yum, n'yum, n'yum!

Was such a song ever heard outside of the FIRST CIRCLE? Could the LOWER CLASSES appreciate it? Is it not the key note of refinement and *gout de la noblesse*?

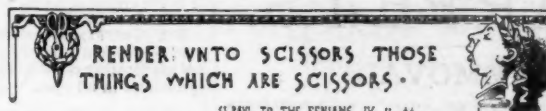
* Since writing the above we have learned that the song alluded to has been recently sung with great *eclat* in the *salon* of an Italian aristocrat, Signor GUGLIELMO MAGGLORI, and that several of the LOWER CLASSES, who were present, encored. The LOWER CLASSES are evidently rising to an appreciation of it.



"FÉDORA" is the play of the moment. Perhaps you are acquainted with the fussy and ingenious person known as Victorien Sardou. He is usually looked up to here as the first of French play writers. His theatrical skill—which is quite as remarkable as Scribe's and very much like Scribe's—impresses certain observers prodigiously. But what is Sardou, as a matter of fact? A wonderfully ingenious fellow, who regards a play as one might regard a game of chess. Some of the best things written about Sardou were set down by that entertaining realist, Emile Zola. Zola was, once upon a time, a dramatic critic. His criticism was an exposition of realism applied to the stage. Zola believes sagaciously that characters in drama should be genuine men and women, that situations should be probable and logical incidents, that characters should not do on the stage what they could not or would not do in life. Now, Sardou makes his personages act as Sardou desires they should act. That is why Sardou is not much of a dramatist. He does not find situations for characters. He finds characters for situations. The distinction is one that you cannot fail to perceive. "Fédora" is a very clear and effective example of Sardou's theatrical work. This is what is called an "emotional" play, a stupid expression which means, evidently, a play with redundant emotion in it. The heroines of French "emotional" plays are usually hysterical young women who weep copiously on the slightest pretext, who love in a manner to frighten any man, and who claw their lovers desperately, insanely. And, to be just, the heroes are not far behind the heroines in "emo-

tional" activity. This talent for uttering maledictions, for really dancing with the madness of passion, is, I am sure, not easily equalled; when they are not giving voice to their fury and despair, they are, probably, jamming the head of some magnificent feminine sinner against a bureau or a sofa. "Fédora" is not unlike its predecessors. The woman herself is an illogical, morbid, unfortunate creature. She loves one man, who is killed. She then falls in love with another man, who killed the first man. When she learns who her second lover is, she pounces upon him—metaphorically. She draws him into her net with treacherous suavity. Her love—which has been found to be a variable quantity—turns now to revenge. She does not reflect long enough to allow her lover to defend himself. She might reflect a little in real life, but not, of course, in a play by Sardou. She goes to work at once energetically, fills her house with spies and policemen, and makes arrangements to have her too confiding young man borne away secretly and expressed post-haste to Russia. She distributes information enough, furthermore, to bring about the death of her lover's mother and brother. However, her stupidity—if one may call it so—is the beginning of Mr. Sardou's great situation. The young man visits the house of Fédora. It is night. He is alone. There are Russian spies in the next room. Fédora is about to deliver him to the police. Suddenly he begins to tell his story. He proves that he is not a murderer. He proves that he had killed her first lover in self-defense. He proves that this first lover had been a faithless wretch. Fédora is overcome. She must now save this man. But how? He insists upon returning to his home. She knows that if he goes he will be seized. She entreats him to stay. He says, in effect: "Your honor, madame." "Blank my honor," says she—or that is what she means. He then falls upon her and kisses her thrice a second. In a voluptuous dream they forget the policemen. The curtain falls conveniently at this point. In the next and last act, the hero learns that Fédora had caused the death of his mother and brother. He grabs her in his rage, and tries to knock her brains out. But her head is passably hard, and she manages to escape and to take poison. She dies. And so this little scene of horror ends.

VIXEN.



ST PAUL TO THE PENIANS IV, II, 44.

A SUMMER TRAGEDY.

Moon—
Spoon—

Glove—
Love—

Kiss—
Bliss—

* * *

Fall—
Call—

Cool—
Fool—

Letter—
Better.

—Boston Bulletin.

CAN the policeman who chases and catches a Chinese criminal be said to be the Asiatic collarer?—*London Lancet*.

A CITY clerk has just proved that Paris green on certain kinds of pie is entirely harmless. It is the pie which is generally fatal.—*Health Journal*.

WHEN the widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

AN employé of the Lehigh valley railroad in Pennsylvania has six fingers and a thumb on each hand. Providence evidently intended that he should couple cars.—*Burlington Free Press*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HENRY HOLT & CO.,

HAVE READY:

Mrs. Alexander's New Novel,

"The Executor."

16mo. Leisure Hour Series, \$1;
Leisure Moment Series, 35 cents.

Symond's Italian By-Ways,

By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS,
author of "Renaissance in Italy,"
12mo. \$1.75.

"Perhaps we shall best praise Mr. Symonds's latest sketches by saying that we have never been so conscious of a keen desire to follow in a traveller's footsteps as while turning over the pleasant pages of 'Italian By-ways.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mrs. Miller's In the Kitchen.

By MRS. E. S. MILLER, Square
8vo. \$2.50. Being a new edition
of this very popular and practical
cook-book.

Friedrichshall
NATURAL BITTERWATER,
Called by J. von LIEBIG "A Treasure of Nature," on account of its high degree of chlorides. Recommended as a mild aperient and well-tried curative for regular use by such medical authorities as Sir HENRY THOMPSON, VICHOW, FRERICH, &c. Cures constipation, headache, indigestion, hemorrhoids, chronic catarrhal disorders of stomach and bowels, gravel, gout, congestion, diseases peculiar to females, impurities of blood and skin.—To be had of all Chemists and Dealers in Mineral Waters.

WALL PAPER.

Decorate and Beautify your
Homes, Offices, &c.

QUAINT, RARE AND CURIOUS PAPERS BY
Eminent Decorative Artists.

Close Figures given on Large Contracts.

If you intend to sell your house, paper it, as it will bring from \$2000 to \$3000 more after having been Papered. Samples and Book on Decorations mailed free.

H. BARTHOLOMAE & CO.,

MAKERS AND IMPORTERS,

124 & 126 W. 33D St., (near B'way,) N. Y.

Established 1853.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

1158 BROADWAY,

69 FULTON ST.

Sour Mash } Old Crow
Whiskies. } Rye and
Mayfield.

The Best in the World.

RELIABLE WINES.

CARPETS. REMOVAL.

At the close of the present Season we will remove to our new and commodious buildings.

797 and 799 THIRD AVENUE,

Cor. 49th Street (now in course of construction). To avoid moving our present immense stock, we shall offer it at prices that will command certain and immediate sale. Stock is unusually large and selected by experienced buyers from both foreign and domestic markets, and embraces all the new patterns and shades in

Axminster,

Moquette,

Velvets,

Smyrnas,

Brussels,

Tapestries,

Ingrains,

Damasks,

WITH BORDERS TO MATCH.

ORIENTAL CARPETS and RUGS, also Kensington Art Squares, in all sizes. Mattings and Floor Cloths of all descriptions.

Window Shades a Specialty.

We must sell this stock or move it at a great expense, therefore prices will be made to insure sale to all who appreciate excellent goods way below market prices.

Purchases made by readers of this paper delivered free of charge.

REUBEN SMITH,

No. 4 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Near Cooper Institute. 3rd and 4th Avenue cars pass the door.

ADVERTISERS
Can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American Papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Adv'g Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

"WHY does a kiss raise the spirits?" "Because it's the cream of ta ta."—*Lampoon*.

DR. GRIFFIN, the stepfather of Miss Mary Anderson, writes to a Louisville friend as follows: "While we are boating on the Thames me and Mary is the synoshure of all eyes."—*Courier-Journal*.

WANTED—A JOKE.

GIVE me a pair of scissors! Hand me the dictionary!

Bread—bred; that's good. No, I've used that before.

O solemn humor, how dost thou afflict me?

My jokes look blue. This one about the cucumber is too much like the one about the apple.

What fearful puns I made upon the fair—

Fair, fare; "fair maids and hardly fair;" two kinds of fair.

What can I write? A joke? I will, about a man

Beating a carpet. No, a woman throwing a stone.

No, no; about a man falling down stairs

By stepping on a plug of laundry soap.

Alas! I hate this dismal funny business.

My memory has a thousand several jokes,

And every joke has been told several times.

And all the boys condemn me for my jokes

As being, at least, accessory to their theft.

Methought the ghosts of all the various jokes

That I had ever heard, or read, or made,

Came to my desk, and every one did show

A genealogical record running back,

Without a break, four hundred thousand years,

And every one among them wore the accursed

brand

Of the blue-pencil dude.

—R. J. Burdette.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Four Hundred and Fifty (450) elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$7 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

HOTELS.

PARKER HOUSE

EUROPEAN PLAN.

HARVEY D. PARKER & Co.,
BOSTON, MASS.

HARVEY D. PARKER.

JOSEPH H. BECKMAN.

EDWARD O. PUNCHARD.



CURES

HEADACHE,

INDIGESTION,

BILIOUSNESS,

CONSTIPATION,

HEART BURN,

AND

ALL STOMACH
TROUBLES.

COMMON SENSE
COMPRESSED.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO GIVE IN A DOZEN LINES THE REASONS WHY TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT SHOULD BE PREFERRED AS A CORRECTIVE AND ALTERATIVE TO EVERY OTHER MEDICINE IN USE. FIRSTLY, IT ALLAYS FEVER; SECONDLY, IT CLEANSSES THE BOWELS WITHOUT VIOLENCE OR PAIN; THIRDLY, IT TONES THE STOMACH; FOURTHLY, IT REGULATES THE FLOW OF BILE; FIFTHLY, IT PROMOTES HEALTHY PERSPIRATION; SIXTHLY, IT RELIEVES THE SYSTEM FROM UNWHOLESOME HUMORS; SEVENTHLY, IT TRANQUILIZES THE NERVES; EIGHTHLY, IT ACTS UPON THE BLOOD AS A DEPURGENT; AND LASTLY, IT FORMS ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS COOLING DRAUGHTS THAT EVER PASSED DOWN THE THROAT OF AN INVALID.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE MOST
PROMINENT
OF ALL
FAMILY MEDICINE.

LIFE



GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees**, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**, P. O. Box 288, 51 and 53 Vesey St., New York.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

Leading Nos: 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO.

13 & 15 VANDEWATER ST., NEW YORK.
Make Type-Metal Plates for Illustrating Catalogues, Books, Papers, etc. From Drawings in Pen and Ink, Pencil or Crayon, Wood or Steel Engravings, Lithographs and Photographs same size, reduced or enlarged. See Illustrations left this Paper.

BILLIARDS.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES

IN THE WORLD.

The J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE CO.,



724 Broadway, New York.

The Collender Billiard and Pool Tables



have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

The H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,

768 Broadway, New York. 241 Tremont St., Boston.
15 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 113 S. 9th St., Philadelphia.
84 and 86 State St., Chicago. 307 W. Baltimore St. Baltimore.

GONTRAN one evening said a number of foolish things in a house where he had paid a visit for the first time. His friend, Georges, went the next day at Gontran's request, to repair the injury as best he could. "I've fixed it," he exclaimed, when he came back; "I told them you were drunk!"—*Christian Art Work.*

A NASHVILLE man received a piece of wedding cake recently and foolishly ate it. It nearly killed him, and the doctors pumped him out, and braced him up, and walked him around, and at last saved his life, although they declared he had all the symptoms of pyemia, strychnine poisoning, normal temperature; Asiatic cholera, morphine poisoning, rapid pulse, and terrific respiration, and several other awful things. However, an analysis of the cake showed that it contained no substances absolutely poisonous in themselves, but having been made by the bride, to the best of her ability and inexperience, the cake was enough to kill a river and harbor bill. The man was very young, or he would have known better, and would have saved the cake to kill tarantulas with.—*S. F. Argonaut.*

HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE.

A specific for dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists. 25 and 50 cents per box. Sent by mail. **J. N. HEGEMAN & Co.**, Broadway, corner 8th Street, N. Y.

DITMAN'S TRUSS—Annexed Broadway and Barclay St. A Truss for Rupture can be fitted with intelligence that the wearer will get the greatest comfort. Private apartments for Ladies and Gentlemen.

TO EPICURES!

Prof. B. SILLIMAN, Yale College, writes: For thirty years or more, I have used your excellent Olive Oil. * * * Your Virgin Olive Oil of Aix constantly recommends itself here to my friends. B. SILLIMAN.
Yours very truly,



CHAS. J. MARTIN, Esq., Pres. Home Ins. Co., N. Y., writes: I have been using your Virgin Olive Oil of Aix for the last twenty years or more, as I have found it more satisfactory for table use than any other which has come under my notice. * * * Yours truly, CHAS. J. MARTIN.

Virgin Olive Oil of Aix. Sublime Oil of Lucca.

THEO. T. WILMERDING,

Sole Agent for N. Y., 314 Greenwich St.

For sale in Boston by **TIGHE & BURKE.**

THE EXTENSION TO THE

HOFFMAN HOUSE

(Mr. JOHN B. SNOOK, Architect.)

IS BEING FURNISHED WITH DRAINAGE BY THE

DURHAM HOUSE DRAINAGE CO.,

187 BROADWAY.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Common Sense" Lunch Room,

135 BROADWAY (cor. Cedar St.),

JAMES P. WHEDON, Manager.

BANKERS.

WILLIAM POLLOCK,

BANKER AND BROKER,

No. 25 PINE ST., N. Y.

All issues of Government Securities, Bank Shares, Railway Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission or carried on a margin. Special attention given to Investments. Interest allowed on deposits.

WILLIAM POLLOCK,

MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co..

Merchant Tailors and Importers,

16 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite 5th Ave. Hotel,

NEW YORK

All the latest London fabrics regularly imported.

THE WILSON PATENT ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS.



Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to any address. C. O. D. Send stamp for illustrated circular, and mention this paper.

Address **Wilson Adjust. Chair Mfg. Co.,**

661 Broadway, N. Y.

F. W. DEVOE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Artists' Materials,

READY-MIXED PAINTS, DRY COLORS, COLORS IN

OIL, COLORS IN JAPAN, PULP COLORS,

BRUSHES, FINE VARNISHES, &c.

Cor. Fulton and William Sts., New York.

THE FONTOGRAPH.

Always Writes,
Never Clogs.

Ink for Ten Days.
Wear for Ten Years.

Price from \$1.50 to \$10.
Send for List.



Call and Try it.
Agents Wanted.

THE A. S. FRENCH CO., M^{rs}rs,

Ground Floor W. U. Tel. B'ld'g, 199 B'WAY, NEW YORK.

GEORGE MATHER'S SONS,

PRINTING INK,

60 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

This paper is printed with our cut ink.



ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

Upholstery Depart- ment.

Have now open their full line of Fall Novel-
ties in

Upholstery Goods, Furni-
ture Coverings, Cur-
tains, &c., &c.

Broadway & 19th Street.

ARCADIA VELVETEEN



Godey's Lady's Book :

"In the general rush among modistes and dressmakers for a fine brand of Velveteen, there seems to be great de-
light expressed over ARCADIA VEL-
VETEENS. It is *** much sought after
for jackets and fur-trimmed suits for
children's costumes and ladies' din-
ner dresses. Its cost is also an element
in its success, as it can be purchased at
the same price as ordinary brands."

The Bazar:

"The ARCADIA VELVETEEN is an im-
provement upon ordinary velveteen
that is sure to be thoroughly appre-
ciated, not only during the coming
winter, but for many seasons."

THESE GOODS ARE ADMIT-
TED TO BE THE BEST
IN THE MARKET.

Sold by TEFFT, WELLER & Co.,
and all Dry Goods dealers gener-
ally.

WHITE AND DECORATED French China & English Porcelain at Low Prices

Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 149 ps. \$30 00
Fine White French China Tea Sets, 44 pieces. 7 50
Fine Gold-band French China Tea Sets, 44 ps. 8 50
Richly Decorated French China Tea Sets, 44 ps. 12 00
Chamber Sets, 11 pieces, 44 25; white. 3 25
White English Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 ps. 14 00
Silver-plated Dinner Knives, per doz. 5 00

ALSO ALL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List mailed free on
application. Estimates furnished.

C. L. Hadley, Cooper Institute, N. Y. City.
Orders boxed and delivered on Car or Steamer free of
charge. Sent C. O. D. or P. O. Money Order.

· LIFE ·

THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION,

320 & 322 BROADWAY,

INSURES AGAINST ACCIDENTS AT HALF THE
RATES OF STOCK COMPANIES.

\$70,000,000 OF INSURANCE IN FORCE.

NOT ONE DOLLAR OF INDEBTEDNESS.

Has Paid 2,000 Claims.

No Claims Unpaid.

CHARLES B. PEET, (of Rogers, Peet & Co.,) Pres.

JAMES R. PITCHER, Sec'y

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE ONLY

GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys,
AND } &c., &c.
CELESTINS }
GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.
HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.



I will never buy any but
HARTSHORN'S ROLLETS
And I will never sell any
but HARTSHORN'S!

CANDY

Send one, two,
three or five dol-
lars for a retail
box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put
up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for
presents. Try it once.

Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner.

78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO

Press of Gilliss Brothers, 75 & 77 Fulton Street, N. Y.



Sure Cure for Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Headache, Dyspepsia, Bile
Hurt, all Bilious and Gastric Affections of the Stomach, Whitens Teeth to
perfection. Chemically prepared from young shoots of the willow. **Guaranteed**
to be perfectly pure. Price only 25 cts. per box sent by mail.
BUTTMAN'S PHARMACY, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.

SPENCERIAN PENS

These famous Steel Pens com-
bine the essential qualities of
Elasticity, Durability and real
Swan Quill action, and are
suited to all styles of writing.
For sale everywhere.

W. L. Blakeman, Taylor & Co., N. Y.